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THE
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A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

ONE KEY TO ECONOMIC GROWTH

THE FIRST STEPS in the Kennedy offensive against the national recession appear firmly outlined. Those set in motion by executive order can soon get under way; those depending on Congressional legislation will require several months at best. The Administration itself is taking action on the following: the release of already authorized funds to provide jobs on construction of highways; reduction of the interest rate on F.H.A. loans to stimulate housing; early payment of dividends on veterans' insurance policies to increase purchasing power; pilot food-stamp projects to relieve want in six areas of high unemployment.

Mr. Kennedy needs action by Congress to extend the coverage and period of unemployment benefits, to raise the minimum wage by two stages to $1.25 an hour and to provide funds and techniques for the rehabilitation of the nation's distress areas, affecting fifteen million people in a hundred chronically depressed industrial communities and three hundred hard-hit rural counties. By the time such bills are reported out of committee, voted on by House and Senate and, where necessary, jointly adopted, it will be well into the spring. This will be the case even though the opposition in Congress does not prove overly stubborn.

Few Americans are not with Mr. Kennedy in his objective of overcoming the recession, but many do not believe that the situation calls for even these first mild steps. In the American business community there is a degree of confidence that already the cycle of decline is beginning to reverse itself, that within another six months a noticeable business upturn will inevitably be at hand. Consequently, they tend to oppose new appropriations which could unbalance the budget or spur inflation. With Wall Street, they welcome plans for heavier defense expenditures as a stimulus; some would count as well on the psychological effect of a vigorous new Administration on business expansion. Influential men with such views aspire for better times but without a sense of urgency that would support a comprehensive anti-recession program.

THOSE WHO concern themselves with the nation's distress areas, afflicted by high incidences of chronic unemployment, are of a contrary opinion. In some cases—as with coal- and iron-mining regions in the East and Middle West—the mineral source itself is played out or has fallen out of demand. The shift of much of the textile industry to the South has beset a number of New England cities. Auto workers in Detroit in large numbers are among those displaced by automation. The plight of many million fellow-citizens in stricken communities such as these all across the country indicates the need for federal action.

When larger economic forces cause the source of a family's livelihood to evaporate, the social cost is incalculable. By stages, an able-bodied breadwinner desirous simply of a decent-paying productive job descends through anxiety, discouragement and apathy to a state of demoralization. Once the effect of an industrial shutdown is transmitted to local suppliers, whole communities go through a decline that is parallel. As long as this blight is confined to a relatively small number of rather widely scattered communities, there is some chance for concentrated action at the local level. And since a highly integrated national economy such as ours cannot long remain unaffected by these centers of economic blight, arresting such decline in strategic local areas is a means of warding off a nationwide depression.

The obstacles to effective action are many, but happily strenuous opposition in Congress does not

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appear to be one of them. The key idea in the program is to induce new industry to move in to replace enterprises which have departed. Both the Douglas and smaller-scale Dirksen bills envisage government loans for establishing industrial plants in these localities. Faster tax writeoffs would provide additional incentive. In the meantime government would increase purchases from these areas and initiate public works that would add to manufacturers' facilities there.

One hazard is that if such a program were too successful it would take too much industry from other areas and thus create new *loci* of unemployment. Most concern, however, comes from the opposite direction. New factories, being more automated, will tend to provide fewer jobs than their predecessors. A number of American communities find themselves on their uppers precisely because of poor location, bad transportation, exhausted natural resources and other obstacles to efficient business operations. This is not invariably the case. But where it is, the stress will have to be on retraining for new jobs elsewhere. In some communities, then, "outmigration," hard as it will be for many, appears the only practical choice.

Distress areas, urban and rural, highlight the Administration's problem of arresting decline and fostering economic growth. The intricacies of the situation are many. Intensive scrutiny will show in many instances the need for individual treatment as opposed to any general formula. But headway in overcoming the human and social blight in these communities is essential for assuring the nation a new era of steady economic growth.

WHERE'S RICHARD?

IT IS ONLY a few weeks now that the fresh wind of a new Administration has been sweeping through Washington. It may therefore be an inappropriate time to raise the question, but there must be many other people who are wondering, "Where is Richard Nixon now?" We don't mean geographically, of course. We have no doubt that he could be reached by phone or mail. No, we mean politically. And who now calls on him, and who writes?

The political drums beat softly when elections are in the somewhat remote future, but they are never entirely stilled. And today the muffled sound of the Republican drums seems to be saying "Rockefeller, Rockefeller . . . or maybe Goldwater." Well, across the great divide which separates promise from fulfillment, 1961 from 1964, it is hard to see clearly. If John Kennedy continues as he has started, Rockefeller and Goldwater might well play Gaston and Alphonse—"After you, Governor." "No, after you, Senator"—for the outcome would be too predictable. Or they might join in pushing Richard Nixon once more into the breach.

But suppose the Republican nomination becomes a desirable plum. Are the alternatives so clear? We think not. Without having heard from Richard Nixon for several weeks we still think his political stock high, much higher than Senator Goldwater's and somewhat higher than the Governor's. The question we wait to see answered is how he is going to keep it there.

FAREWELL, SANTA MARIA

THE EXTRAORDINARY adventure of the Santa Maria has ended, with the ship once more in the hands of its owners, the passengers thankfully heading for home, the crew ashore in the Brazilian port of Recife, and Captain Henrique M. Galvao and his "politicians, not pirates" presumably safe from reprisal as political exiles in Brazil.

Aside from making sensational newspaper copy, and involving the navies and air forces of five nations in a sea and air hunt that sometimes resembled a comedy of errors, what was accomplished by the amazing feat of seizing and operating the famous Portuguese luxury liner?

As the key act in an attempt to overthrow the regime of dictator Salazar, the seizure of the Santa Maria led to nothing much. In Portugal, "moderate" opponents of Salazar disclaimed any connection with the Santa Maria coup or its supposed director, the exiled General Humberto Delgado, who unsuccessfully opposed Salazar in Portugal's last Presidential election. These "moderates" were reportedly shocked by the violence and lawlessness of the Galvao forces. At any rate, the Santa Maria affair has led to no concerted actions against the regime at home; if anything, it has rallied popular opinion to the support of the government.

In Portugal's African colony of Angola the situation is different, but again there seems little possibility of successful action against the government. It is true that disorders have broken out in Angola's capital city of Luanda, which Salazar spokesmen contradictorily ascribe to Galvao-Delgado forces, to Congolese trouble-makers across the border and to Communist agents attempting "to

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implant Sovietism on the Iberian peninsula." But thus far at least the authorities in Angola seem to have the colony firmly under control.

Was the seizure of the Santa Maria therefore only an idle and meaningless gesture? In terms of immediate and tangible results, perhaps so. But in intangible, longer-range terms, the fantastic case of the Santa Maria has had results which should not be minimized.

For one thing, the dramatic and successful action of Captain Galvao and his men will give new heart to all those who are chafing silently under the dictator's yoke. Conversely, it must add to the uneasiness felt by Dr. Salazar and his administration. World opinion, too, has been roused by the Galvao feat, as people all over the world learned perhaps for the first time that the scholarly Dr. Salazar is a feared and hated dictator. It is reported further that many Portuguese were surprised and shocked to discover, as they did in the course of the Santa Maria episode, that their nation's government is held in such obvious distaste by the governments and people of almost the entire free world.

Captain Galvao said that his action had proved that "the dictator Salazar is not invulnerable. We beat him, and we ridiculed him, him and his navy, before the entire free and Christian world." In this statement, and more so in some others he has made, Senkor Galvao may have been guilty of exaggeration, but nonetheless it seems likely that his comment is more right than wrong. We think the handwriting is on the wall for all the world—and Dr. Salazar—to read. Last year, the open campaigning against him by General Delgado and his supporters; this year, the humiliation of the Santa Maria affair; always, discontent and dissension in Angola. As he sits in his palace in Lisbon, the dictator may well ask himself, "What next?"

DELIBERATE SPEED IN SPORTS

DESEGREGATION is proceeding regularly and steadily in many different areas of American life. It is difficult at times to know whether one should feel pleased that the progress is steady or discouraged because it is so slow. Consider, for example, what has happened only in the limited area of professional baseball.

It was in 1947, fourteen years ago, that the first Negro player broke into major league baseball. Other players followed Jackie Robinson and the presence of Negro players on the field is now taken for granted. This is progress, a clear gain. As frequently happens, however, a gain in one place highlights the failure in another.

Most of the major league teams hold spring training in Florida, and in most places in Florida strict segregation rules are applied. The ballplayers may train and play together on the field, but when the workday comes to an end the white players go in one direction, the colored in another; the white players go to one hotel, the colored to an inferior hotel; the white players are served one meal, the colored players something not quite as good.

This situation has prevailed for some years now, and opposition and resentment have quite naturally been building up. Bill Veeck, president of the White Sox, has suggested that the players' representatives join forces and propose to the team owners that they fight some of the "conventions" imposed by the South. Now there seems to be a chance that their forces may be united, and whatever economic weight the teams have will be swung in one direction. It is likely, in fact almost inevitable, that they will overthrow those constricting customs that are becoming increasingly onerous. One looks forward to such changes—but it *has* been fourteen years since Jackie Robinson first felt the burden of these same restrictions.

OH, BRAVE NEW WORLD

IF WE HAD any doubts about it, the last few weeks would have dissipated them. But in an age of science it's good to have scientific confirmation of one's own firm conclusions. And that's what we got recently when, after a week of discussion, disagreement and debate, an assembly of specialists from around the world were able to agree on one thing: the world is getting colder.

Well, as we said, we were already pretty well convinced. But what we really wanted to know was what, besides staying indoors or dressing like a Laplander, one could do about it. The reports from the scientists, who did not, admittedly, have our narrow personal interest in the subject, were discouraging. After subjecting the question to the refined techniques of palynology, dendrochronology, the deciphering of ancient scripts, and the study of varves, the distinguished climatologists could not agree on why the world was getting colder. And when we learned that they couldn't agree on why it was getting colder, we relinquished our faint hope that they might do something to make it warmer. Science, we brooded, as we donned gloves, scarves and boots—science, it's wonderful.

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EXCURSION INTO TELEVISION

A FEW WEEKS ago I appeared on two sessions of "The Catholic Hour," produced by N.B.C.-T.V. in cooperation with the National Council of Catholic Men. It was not my first experience on television, but it was the first time I had been on a show that was taped in advance. This feature made these programs particularly interesting for me, because it gave me a chance to judge the finished products for myself when they were broadcast.

My feelings about the programs when I did see them were somewhat mixed, as they are about television in general. By and large, I think the spoken word is far less effective than the written, and I imagine this would apply to T.V. too. But where readers of these pages can be counted in the thousands, the viewers of a national television program add up to millions. This alone is enough to make it important.

On the debit side, I find that television creates a special sort of pressure, far stronger than that initial keyed-up feeling one takes for granted in appearing before a live audience. There are, for one thing, the lights, which can sometimes become terribly hot and, for me at least, almost blinding. Then too there is the pressure of the rigidly limited amount of time. You say what you want to say fast, or you don't say it at all, and it is hard not to feel rushed.

Most of all, I suppose, there is the realization that somewhere out there behind the cameras millions of people will be watching. If you make a bad slip, there is absolutely nothing you can do about it. Theoretically, if the program is taped, it can be done over; practically, I have never heard of a producer who would retape a show for any reason short of a clear and unmistakable call for armed insurrection.

It is for all these reasons, I think, that after the television cameras stop turning I am left with only the vaguest idea of what I or anyone else has actually said. At the time we did the "Catholic Hour" programs I happened to be reading T. S. Matthews' autobiographical *Name and Address;* in it I ran across a story that struck me as particularly apropos.

Matthews was at Oxford when the famous Canon Spooner was warden of New College; in his book he repeats the legendary story about the time the Canon chose to preach on the subject of Plato and St. Paul. Everything seemed to go well enough; the Canon delivered his sermon, left the pulpit and resumed his seat. Once there, however, he considered the matter carefully for a few minutes, then rose and said thoughtfully to the congregation: "In my sermon, whenever I said 'St. Paul' I meant Plato, and when I said 'Plato' I meant St. Paul."

This story sums up very nicely my feelings about television in general and about these two shows in particular. No one, after all, wants to have to deliver a disclaimer like Canon Spooner's "Whenever I said 'St. Paul' I meant Plato, and when I said 'Plato' I meant St. Paul." As it turned out, I realized when I watched the second show that I had made one slip of the tongue. Happily, however, my meaning seemed clear enough from the context to make an expedient as desperate as Canon Spooner's appear unnecessary, and for that I must say I am grateful.

The general theme of the four programs in this particular "Catholic Hour" series was "Catholic Reflections on American Life." Father John Courtney Murray appeared on the first two; on the last two our assignment was to focus the discussion on the relationship between the theologian and the layman. The idea is an interesting one, and broad enough—so broad, in fact, that at first we were not quite sure just what we should talk about or even if we had enough to say to fill two programs. When we got started, though, we found we had plenty to say.

The questions we discussed were good ones. What is the layman's role in the Church? How much freedom of action does he have? How do laymen, or at least some laymen, feel about Catholic education? Where do we stand on Catholic social action? On race? On Church-State relations? Any worry that we might not have enough material turned out to be foolish. We could have filled half a dozen programs, with material left over.

The programs themselves were strictly unrehearsed and ad lib, without even the pretense of a script. This method has the great advantage of providing spontaneity that might otherwise be lacking; the only possible drawback, of course, is that crucial subjects may be slighted and important points never made at all. I don't know that this happened on this occasion, but I did feel a little like the party-goer who remembers that wonderful joke only when he's home and getting ready for bed; after the taping was finished, I thought of all kinds of things I wished I had said. Everyone else involved, I imagine, had much the same feeling.

I have one major advantage, though, over most panel members who find themselves with a few thousand words left over when the television cameras stop turning: I have a place to put them to good use. That "The Catholic Hour" should place such emphasis on the role of the layman strikes me as significant. Next week in this space I hope to return to the subject and discuss it more fully.

JAMES O'GARA.

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The Uses of Neutralism

An increasing number of African states want only to extract a maximum of assistance from East and West

by PAUL E. SIGMUND, JR.

THE RECENT Casablanca conference of Ghana, Guinea, Mali, Morocco, and the U.A.R. has solidified the division of Africa into two blocs of opinion. For all the rhetoric about African unity, the events in the Congo and the United Nations have produced a split between pro-Western Africans, principally those associated with the French Community, and a more radical group of African states which met at Casablanca. The policy followed by the Casablanca conferees also exerts a strong attraction on other African countries, such as Nigeria, Togo, Libya, and Ethiopia, who are usually identified as pro-Western but who have, in fact, at various times voted with the neutralist group on a number of issues in the U.N.

The fact that the Casablanca group has voted consistently in the U.N. with the Soviet Union and against the West has led to descriptions of their policy as "left-wing", "neutral against the West", or even "pro-Soviet." In September Secretary of State Herter described Ghana as "very definitely leaning toward the Soviet bloc." Then three weeks later, in the third T.V. debate with Nixon, Senator Kennedy blamed the Eisenhower Administration for the fact that Ghana and Guinea had moved "within the Soviet sphere of influence." On election eve, Kennedy repeated this charge and added the Congo to the list of African states in the Communist orbit. This was followed by a series of press articles about Communist influence in Africa, singling out Ghana and Guinea as particularly disturbing examples.

At first appearance, the Soviet presence in these two countries *is* disturbing. Guinea's capital city of Conakry is swarming with advisers from the Soviet bloc and China. Czech doctors staff the hospital and Hungarian sports instructors assist the youth section of Sekou Touré's political party. Soviet aid is being used to build a powerful radio station and printing press (Conakry has no newspaper, only a mimeographed news bulletin of limited circulation). Several hundred students are on scholarships in the Soviet Union, and Eastern goods outnumber Western products in Guinean shops.

While the situation in Ghana is quite different from Guinea, there are indications that it is rapidly expanding its economic relations with the Soviet Union. Last August, a Soviet trade delegation arrived with banner headlines and Nkrumah's *Ghana Evening News* headlined a Tass interview with the Ghana minister of labor, "The Soviet people are our real friends." Moreover, at the same time that the Ghana government was concluding an agreement with the World Bank, the U.S. and Great Britain for an $84 million loan to finance Nkrumah's cherished Volta River project, a Ghana delegation without World Bank or Western knowledge was in Moscow negotiating Soviet involvement in the proposal.

Nkrumah has described himself in his autobiography as a "non-denominational Christian and a Marxist Socialist," but those who listened to his denunciations of the West in the United Nations this fall heard more Marxism than Christianity in his vocabulary and attitudes. Touré's Marxism is no secret, and characteristically it is much more doctrinaire and consistently worked out than the curious conglomeration of attitudes and theories which is Nkrumah's political and economic philosophy. Both Nkrumah's Convention People's Party and Touré's *Parti Démocratique de la Guinea* use Marxist terminology ("comrade," "imperialism," "the class struggle," and in the case of Guinea, "politbureau" and "Young Pioneers").

IN GUINEA, there is only one political party and a single youth organization. Opposition has no way to express itself except through the party, and it is rumored that among those arrested in an alleged revolutionary plot last spring were Guineans who had proposed the establishment of an opposition party. While

Mr. Sigmund, now at Harvard, has taught at University College in Ghana. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.

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Ghana still retains many of the forms of British parliamentary democracy, there have been a series of moves in recent months in the direction of authoritarianism. An opposition party still exists, but thirteen members of the United Party have been arrested under the Preventive Detention Act, bringing to nearly a hundred the number imprisoned without trial. Last August, after fifteen minutes of debate, a censorship law was passed by the Ghana parliament forbidding statements "prejudicial to public order or the national economy." Strikes have been outlawed in Ghana and membership made compulsory in the Nkrumah-sponsored Trade Union Congress. There have been press reports, vigorously denied by the government, that Ghana plans to nationalize its largely European-owned private enterprises.

But what really seems to have convinced American opinion of the leftist orientation of Ghana and Guinea is the continuing support which they have given to Patrice Lumumba in the Congo. In American eyes Lumumba committed the unpardonable offense of asking for Soviet assistance in dealing with the problem of Katangan separatism. The U.S.S.R. responded with fourteen Ilyushin planes, a shipload of trucks, and large numbers of advisers and technical aides. Yet Nkrumah and Touré did not seem disturbed at this development. Their concern was that Lumumba have the resources to prevent the dismemberment of the Congo and, ultimately, that the Congo federate with Ghana and Guinea, since, as Nkrumah wrote to Lumumba, "The Congo and Ghana are one" and "Brother, we know how to deal with the imperialists."

Marxist anti-colonial rhetoric, authoritarianism in domestic politics, acceptance of Soviet aid, and support for Lumumba—this is the case against Ghana and Guinea, and (with some minor qualifications regarding Morocco) against the other Casablanca conferees as well. Taken together they add up to something new and important on the African scene—an orientation which may be in opposition to various aspects of American policy, but which is essentially African, rather than Soviet, in inspiration.

Take the case of support for Lumumba. The Casablanca powers are not the only Africans who favor the return to power of Patrice Lumumba. Only those Africans support him who are closely tied for economic reasons to French policy. Ghana and Guinea have reasons of their own (for instance, their Pan-African plan) for the strong backing which they have given Lumumba, but even others who may have strong reservations about his personal capacities find it politically and psychologically impossible to do other than endorse him. Pro-Western nationalist leaders in East Africa, such as Mboya and Nyerere, have publicly demanded Lumumba's return to power, not necessarily because they sympathize with his policies, but because they see him as the legally elected Prime Minister of the Congo, who has twice received the confidence of the Congolese Parliament, and who would receive it again if Parliament were reconvened. Moreover, Lumumba stands for the same principles for which they stand, the unity of his country against centrifugal tendencies of tribalism and its political and economic liberation from colonialism.

These two common goals of the African nationalisms —national unity and political and economic independence—help to explain other aspects of current African politics. Authoritarianism in domestic politics, which has been noted in the case of Ghana and Guinea, is a common phenomenon, and the single-party state is becoming the rule rather than the exception in Africa. (In West Africa, only Nigeria has a real multi-party system of government.) This is explicable in terms of the problem of dealing with a largely illiterate mass, split by tribal divisions which in many cases were accentuated by colonial rule. Only a strong central government can keep these countries together, presumably, and prevent tribal leaders from exploiting democratic forms to preserve their own power. Nkrumah is frank about this in his autobiography, where he observes, "Even a system based on social justice and a democratic constitution may need backing up, during the period following independence, by emergency measures of a totalitarian kind."

THE PRESSURES of economic development also dictate quasi-dictatorial methods, in the view of the nationalist leaders. If a subsistence economy is to be transformed into that of a modern state, drastic measures undertaken by state action are necessary and democratic restraints appear to the modernizers as a luxury or even an impediment to true democracy, which presupposes a certain advanced level of economic development.

African desire for rapid economic development, not ideological sympathy, also explains the expansion of Soviet trade and aid programs to Africa. While aware, and in a few cases a little frightened, of the risks involved in taking aid, (e.g., the massive incursion of Eastern advisers which accompanies it), the African leaders have the example of the U.A.R., India, Iraq, Indonesia and other states that have taken Soviet assistance without, it appears, ill effects. "Aid without strings" from both sides is at once a declaration of neutrality in the cold war and an effective way to extract concessions from one side or the other. Peter Ustinov's portrayal in "Romanoff and Juliet" of the prime minister of a tiny central European state shuttling back and forth between the American and Soviet embassies bears a close resemblance to the reality in an increasing number of African states. As in the play, this signifies no special sympathy for the Soviet Union; only a desire to extract a maximum of assistance from both

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the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., without in any way being committed to either side.

This tactic is known as "playing the game"—playing off one side against the other for one's own benefit. India has been playing it for a decade; Nasser for five years; and Guinea and Ghana have taken the lead in playing it in Africa. While U.S. policy-makers and organs of public opinion seem to have adjusted to Egyptian or Indian neutralism (largely because Nasser and Nehru have demonstrated that it is possible to pursue a neutralist policy and still not become a Soviet satellite), the possibility that Lumumba would play the same game led to his downfall. Yet other Africans are likely to play it as well, since it gives promise of rapid economic assistance on a competitive basis and appears to offer the flexibility and freedom of choice which Africans associate with economic independence.

Economic independence is now a slogan and rallying cry for the Casablanca group, and it is being used effectively against other African states which have retained close economic relations with the West. Behind the charge is a kind of modernized Leninist theory about the relations between the newly independent states and the former colonial powers. Ignoring the substantial sums expended in recent years by Britain and France on the development of their African colonies, they see the class struggle in terms of exploiting imperialist powers, and exploited present or former colonial areas. In order to attain real independence, economic relations must be developed with other countries than the former colonizing power, and in particular with the Eastern bloc. In a way, it has become a kind of demonstration of national independence to open up formerly forbidden economic and diplomatic contacts with the East as a gesture to indicate that the colonial prohibitions are no longer operative. While to the West, this may look like an ideological smokescreen for economic blackmail, for the African, contacts with the East have become an assertion of national freedom, and Mr. Kennedy's references to the dangers of "riding the tiger's back" are not likely to deter them from the acceptance of Soviet aid.

The largest amounts of Soviet and Eastern bloc assistance now go to Guinea. When Guinea voted "no" in the referendum on the de Gaulle constitution, it found itself rudely cut off from all French assistance in what was a calculated (and ultimately unsuccessful) move by de Gaulle to demonstrate to the other colonies the disadvantages of opting out of the close association and partial dependence of the French Community. French administrators and technical personnel were withdrawn with the threat of denial of pension rights to those who stayed. Scholarships for Guinean students studying in France were cut off. Everything from typewriters to telephones was removed by the departing French.

Moreover, apparently under pressure from France, the United States did not recognize Guinea until fifty other countries had done so, and Guinean requests for assistance, forwarded to Washington immediately after independence, were unanswered. By contrast, the Soviet Union and most of the satellites hastened to sign trade agreements with Guinea. Soon after independence a shipment of Czech arms arrived in Conakry harbor and Hungarian buses and Czech trucks appeared on the streets. Subsequently, a $35 million loan at 2½ percent interest was signed with the U.S.S.R. and, recently, Communist China has agreed to lend Guinea $25 million, interest free.

IF AMERICAN assistance was slow in coming at the start, however, by 1960 the situation had changed. First came surplus food, one million dollars worth of wheat, rice, flour and milk, paid for in local currency which can be re-used in economic development. This was followed by lengthy negotiations for an I.C.A. agreement, which was signed in November, but even before its signature I.C.A. was sponsoring an English language instruction program for Guinean teachers in Conakry. In the field of education, only eight Guineans were studying in the United States last year, but an accord has now been signed for one hundred and fifty to come to this country in 1961, and thirty-five of this number arrived in New York early in November. If this number is added to the hundreds of Guineans studying in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, Guinea's population of two and a half million is not doing badly from "playing the game."

Even before these agreements, Guinea was not completely tied economically to the Soviet bloc. It signed a trade agreement with Great Britain a year ago, and with West Germany this year, and although Guinea left the franc zone last March, there is still considerable trade with France. In the area of private investment, for all the Marxist oratory of some of the P.D.G. leaders, the huge Fria aluminum plant, financed by a private consortium of U.S., British, German and Swiss companies, continues to expand and to receive strong Guinean governmental support.

By playing the game, Touré has thus succeeded in achieving economic independence from France and in extracting substantial concessions from both East and West. Moreover, economic assistance from the U.S.S.R. has not prevented him from criticizing Khrushchev in his U.N. speech last fall. It also has not discouraged private companies from investing in Guinea, a lesson that is not lost on other African countries contemplating a similar policy.

"Playing the game" means adopting a neutralist nationalist policy, and when a country formerly under Western control begins to pursue a neutralist policy, by definition it is going to move away from the West and

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toward the Soviet Union. However, this does not mean that the neutralists are pro-Communist or under Soviet influence, and the difference is a significant one, if at times hard to detect in a U.N. vote.

One of these differences, as the case of Guinea illustrates, is the African attitude to Western investment, both public and private. Communist ideology brands this as in all cases exploitative, while it labels Soviet assistance as enlightened and altruistic. The ideology of the new African states insists on aid from both sides, "without strings." An understanding of this difference is important in avoiding the kind of moralistic withdrawal by the West which had such disastrous consequences in the case of Dulles and the Aswan Dam. Soviet policy does not seem to regard the creation of African satellites as either feasible or desirable at this time, but the wrong kind of Western reaction might enable the U.S.S.R. to move in this direction faster than it had anticipated.

If there is anything that a review of the last decade should demonstrate it is the impossibility of preventing the rising nationalist leadership from "playing the game" and dealing with the Soviet Union. When India, Egypt, and Iraq began to take Soviet aid, the same fears of Communist influence were voiced as are heard now regarding Ghana and Guinea. Today it is recognized that a strong internal regime can avoid the dangers of infiltration and even, as in the case of India, use Soviet aid to help in the development of a free society.

This should also be the principal objective in Africa, to assist in the establishment of strong and, let us hope, free societies, which can resist efforts at subversion and infiltration from whatever source. This was the real problem in the Congo—not the taking of Soviet aid by Lumumba, but the inability of a weak and divided government to control the influences which accompany it.

In this context, authoritarian government may be to our advantage in strengthening nationalist governments against Soviet-controlled ideologies and movements. This does not mean that we must condone violation of basic human rights and governmental repression by nationalist leaders. It is difficult to see, for instance, why the one hundred opposition members imprisoned in Ghana under the Preventive Detention Act could not be tried under normal conspiracy statutes if they were really plotting Nkrumah's overthrow, or why the leading plotters arrested last spring in Guinea were all "shot while trying to escape." However, our distaste for the methods and criticism of the policies of certain African states should not be a determinant of our foreign policy any more than it is in the case of other states such as Yugoslavia or Spain whose internal politics we may criticize.

If we do stand for basic human values and believe that democratic methods and not violence should be the method of social change, American and Western programs of economic and technical assistance can demonstrate that the underdeveloped nations do not have to choose the methods of the Soviet bloc and China in order to achieve economic development. But although we believe that freedom and economic progress are not mutually incompatible, many newly independent nations are not yet convinced. This is the real competition, not for domination, but between economic development by compulsion or by methods which respect freedom and human dignity.

There is no reason to underestimate the difficulties which are created by emergence of a large number of newly-independent nations with a policy of active neutralism of the Casablanca variety. Certainly the extension of their ideology to Latin America will create enormous problems for the U.S., accustomed to thinking of the Western hemisphere as closed to outside powers. Already the United Nations is an area where the neutralists are creating difficulties for the West.

Yet, in our relations with Africa and with the other uncommitted areas, we have cultural, economic, and linguistic ties, as well as an enormous reservoir of good will which some of the vagaries of recent policy have not yet dispelled. However difficult "playing the game" on our part may be, when others play we must join in. If we can by our efforts assure that the newly independent countries can develop themselves in freedom, and can maintain basic human values, however different their institutional structure may be—then the game will be worth playing.

IN

Front door, back door: locked;
Every window, too.
I, without a key.
Suddenly, I was shocked
To know I could not do
What I thought to, easily:

To enter my own house—
It was the correct address—
Where I hang my hat.
Then I envied the mouse
Whose readier access
Made me wonder at

Dependence, relative
Advantages, and such,
Of man, creature, thing.
I was accusative,
Acted upon . . . yet, much
Enhanced: surprised with learning.

JOHN FANDEL.

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Sin, Power and Politics

by DANIEL J. CALLAHAN

THE DIFFERING conceptions of man held by Protestants and Catholics take, with unexpected frequency, a curious turn. Protestantism, with a traditionally pessimistic view of man's nature and capacities, is, in its political thinking, prone to sentimentality and utopianism. Catholicism, with a more optimistic view, is rarely guilty of an excess of sentiment; when Catholic political thought goes awry it runs to cynicism. Catholicism is apt to think the best of man and expect the worst. Protestantism may think the worst and expect the best.

No doubt one can think of some instances to counter these generalities. Protestantism was, prior to the twentieth century, more erratic in this respect than Catholicism; one need only recollect Calvin's Geneva and Puritan England. But in twentieth-century America the pattern has been considerably more uniform. Since the early part of the century, American Protestants have often been tempted to simplify considerably the problems of our times, to see a simple possibility of progress and enlightenment. The Protestant devil (if you will) has been naiveté and wishful thinking about man's destiny and the fate of the nations. This is not to say that the tendency is necessarily widespread. What is important is that the current of agitation so often runs in the same direction: toward greater and greater idealism, more and more moralism and simpler and simpler resolutions.

The Catholic temptation is just the opposite. Faced with a crisis the Catholic community seems first tempted to adopt the tactics of the world with a fierce vengeance: the direct application of force, the economic boycott, the stringent law, the increased armaments, and the stance of power. Faced with a danger or a direct threat, Catholicism has rarely been prone to wishful thinking or been averse to making the most of the minimum legalities of the moral theologians. That characteristic expression of the past decade, "soft-headed," was one often used by Catholics in speaking of others but rarely applied to them. Cynicism is probably too strong a word for this predisposition but it comes close. In any event, quite clearly, Catholicism has never been a stranger to the currents that move the world, the power and powers that shape its events; Catholicism cannot properly be accused of denying to power a legitimate role.

Protestantism, however, as Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., has suggested, has never quite come to terms with power or been sure of its own position about its legitimate use. Many Protestant theologians have, to be sure, worried about power—but often, finally, only to reject it as inappropriate if not immoral for the Christian. Or at least this was the situation prior to the revolutionary work of Reinhold Niebuhr. For it was Niebuhr's great contribution to American Protestantism to attempt to meet the shady but looming figure of power head-on. And if indeed the Protestant devil has been sentimentality, no one has done more than Niebuhr to exorcise this devil.

Although Niebuhr's thought has ranged over almost every phase of human life and activity, his greatest influence has been as a political theorist. Starting with his *Moral Man and Immoral Society,* published in 1932, he has left a lasting mark on the study of international relations in this country. An exceedingly useful and artful selection from the vast body of Niebuhr's writings, *Reinhold Niebuhr on Politics* edited by Harry R. Davis and Robert C. Good, (Scribner's. $6.50) makes apparent how wide-ranging his interests have been yet how consistent and central has been his attention to power. In many ways the most remarkable thing about Niebuhr's political thought is that, starting from Protestant Christian premises (specifically, justification by faith understood in a more or less traditional Protestant way), he has been able to influence many who do not accept those premises. That George Kennan, for one, could call him "the father of us all" bespeaks his tremendous impact on the American realist school of international politics. To Niebuhr must go much of the credit for reversing the tide of boundless optimism, in American political theory and Protestant theology, which dominated the first three decades of this century.

NIEBUHR'S long and illustrious career, which began after his graduation from the Yale Divinity School in 1915 with a pastorate in Detroit, has been marked by many conflicts, great adulation and bitter opposition. It was in Detroit that he first came to see the great discrepancy between an inherited nineteenth-

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century religion and the complexities of a modern society torn by conflicting power structures. But it was for Niebuhr no simple task to dampen the spirit of an age still certain of inevitable progress. The immediate and seemingly self-confident possibility of applying Christianity directly to the troubles of the times was doubted by few. The Social Gospel Movement, inspired by the brilliant Walter Rauschenbusch, was meant to provide one means. Dewey's pragmatism, the secular cousin of the Social Gospel, provided still another.

But neither approach was, in the long run, adequate, despite the useful correctives they supplied. Both suffered in Niebuhr's eyes from the same (and fatal) error: that love or education or reason, applied in sufficient quantity, was guaranteed to remove misery and dissolve the residue of evil still remaining in society. Human goodness, reason, and historical progress, so the more enthusiastic followers of Dewey and Rauschenbusch thought, were conspiring to bring about heaven on earth. Niebuhr, in brief, simply could not share their optimism; neither history nor logic made it credible.

Niebuhr's gradual rejection of many of the tenets of the Social Gospel, his prolonged attack on the dominant liberalism of American intellectuals, and his persistent call to recognize the potentiality for sin and unreason inherent in man's freedom, soon led many critics to misconstrue the direction of his thought. His emphasis on sin in particular was taken to be obsessive and decisive; his pessimism about man and history was taken to be total.

Certainly much that Niebuhr said, and the kind of language he used, seemed to make such judgments reasonable. "Liberalism," he wrote in the mid-thirties, "is in short a kind of blindness to which those are particularly subject who imagine that their intelligence or the ineluctable processes of history have emancipated them from all the stupidities of the past. It is a blindness which does not see the perennial difference between human actions and aspirations, the perennial source of conflict between life and life, the inevitable tragedy of human existence, the irreducible irrationality of human behavior, and the tortuous character of human history." There was little comfort in such words, especially coming from one who was, in fact, deeply involved in many of the liberal ventures of the 1930's. One hardly knew what to make of such a voice.

One of the great values of the most recent full-length study of Niebuhr is that it does much to sort out the various strains and tensions in the thrust of Niebuhr's mind over the years particularly in his treatment of sin. Professor Gordon Harland of Drew University in his book, *The Thought of Reinhold Niebuhr* (Oxford. $6), makes the very persuasive case that, "Niebuhr's penetrating analysis of sin is but part of his total task of illuminating what is involved in relating Christian insight creatively to the social task. This, not sin, is Niebuhr's central concern."

WHAT PARTICULARLY separated Niebuhr from his American predecessors in facing the "social task" was his denial that Christian love or Christian morality can be directly applied to the stream of history. Christian love is absolute love, always transcendent, always heedless of self; a love, that is, which makes an end of the nicely calculated less and more of structures of justice." Yet it is precisely this "less and more" Niebuhr reasoned which must engage us in fashioning the city of man. Christian love can never be a law, for it can never be fulfilled. It can, however, stand as a norm and an ultimate source of judgment on our actions. The essential error of pacifism, to take an example which figured prominently in Niebuhr's intellectual development, is to believe absolute love should be a law of nations when they confront one another. Love cannot be thus absolutized in history; to believe it can is to be deluded about the nature of man and blind to the fact of original sin. To one prominent pacifist Niebuhr once wrote, "Your difficulty is that you want to live in history without sinning. There is no such possibility in history." The only thing that is open to us is the possibility of attaining some measure of justice in our world.

The first condition of such a possibility is that the reality of power be recognized, accepted, and harnessed. Justice will, in the end, consist of a balance of power. "The very heart of the problem of Christian politics," Niebuhr believes, is "the readiness to use power and interest in the service of an end dictated by love and yet an absence of complacency about the evil inherent in them. No definitions or structures of justice can prevent these forces from getting out of hand if they are not handled with a sense of their peril." The Marshall Plan, Niebuhr holds, is an almost perfect example of a valid use of power: "In it, prudent self-interest was united with concern for others in a fashion which represents the most attainable virtue of nations."

While many of Niebuhr's reflections on power—and at times his polemics—have been directed at Protestantism, the Catholic will find little reason to be smug. If Catholicism has never denied a rightful place to power, it has not fully faced the dangers and evil possible in the exercise of power either. Nor has it been terribly creative about the potential uses of power in our modern world. There have, of course, been numerous and subtle efforts to discover how laws and standards unchanging in themselves can be applied to our present moral dilemmas. So too there have been a variety of attempts to make the charity of Christ efficacious in the world, through massive relief drives,

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immigration assistance, aid to distressed areas and so on.

WHAT SEEMS lacking, however, is any developed body of thinking on that great middle area of problems which bear neither exactly on the rules of justice or morality nor exactly on the higher demands of Christian love but at that point where justice and love touch one another. It is, as one example, suggestive to note the main stream of the Catholic response to the power that nuclear weapons have given us. The main concern so far has turned almost exclusively on the moral questions which the use of such weapons raise. This is both good and bad. It is good in that there is obviously a moral difficulty involved in their use. It is bad (in one sense) in that so many of the discussions are concerned with the conditions under which such weapons can be used; discussions, to put it crudely, interested in finding how far one can go before committing a sin. This is necessary work but it contributes very little to the question of what to do, in a positive manner, about the vast potentiality for evil the very possession of such weapons carries with it—about how to avoid using them in the first place.

That is to say, the Catholic approach to the particular problem of power posed by the possession of nuclear weapons seems conceived in the most narrow terms possible: the conditions for their licit use. The other great questions concerning power, the positive use of our wealth and influence in a world in danger of nuclear destruction, are rarely touched. One important reason for this, it almost goes without saying, is the general Catholic fear of Communism and the belief that it is the source of most of the danger in the world and many of the evils. Less noticed is an easily detectable fatality about the inevitability of war between Communism and the West, not an official fatality perhaps but, if practice be any criterion, obviously present.

As one ironic joke has it, the Chinese Communists, during the recent meeting in Moscow, threatened to call upon the American Catholic Church to take its side against the Soviets in support of the Chinese position on the inevitability of war between Communism and capitalism. Moscow, the joke continues, protested that such support would be unseemly and the threat was dropped.

However misguided, the joke has its point. Catholics have been conspicuously absent among those pressing for disarmament. Catholic pressure for the cessation of nuclear tests has been negligible. And it is hardly any secret that much of the opposition to such things as cultural exchanges, mutual visits and direct negotiation about disputed matters has come from Catholics. What this amounts to is a strikingly consistent pattern of Catholic opposition to the normal means af diplomatic procedure, to the normal means of non-violent action under the guidance of reason for honorable ends. The work of the Catholic Association for International Peace is, I add, a happy exception (and there are others).

It seems clear, however, that somehow or other the Catholic mind in America has never learned quite how to get away from putting its trust in strength. Power, when it is thought of at all, is usually taken to mean *deterrent* power. Strength, and it is thought of much of the time, usually means military and economic strength—with a heavy larding of confidence that our strength is somehow divinely sanctioned. The use of power and strength for other than protective ends appears an unfamiliar notion.

Yet it would be a shame if, in the years to come, Catholics cannot make a greater contribution than that to the turmoils of our world. Partially as a result of Niebuhr's work there is little danger of sentimentality dominating America (although there is, significantly, a growing radical left and a new resurgence of pacifism). But there is a growing danger that, in girding our loins to meet the dangers of a growing Communism, we will put on an impenetrable armor of cynicism and toughness. We have already put on that armor when even the very idea of negotiation or disarmament or peace is taken as a betrayal of morality and a surrender to evil.

One happy benefit of the recent Presidential election was to bring American Catholics to recognize that many Americans are honestly fearful about Catholicism's historical propensity to rely on power to achieve its ends. Much of this we know is sheer myth. What is false is that Catholicism (at least in our times) consciously seeks power. What may be true is that, unconsciously, Catholics are far more prone to rely on force and power than they realize themselves as long as some way can be found to prove it not immoral. There may be nothing wrong in this anyway. It is only when power is seen as the universal solvent, the first step in coping with the world, that something is amiss.

THE WATERWOMAN

The waterwoman used to poke
The choking culverts clear,
Unmindful of her sodden cloak
And wet gray hair.

Then she would raise her gentle face
And wander home again
To some remote, tree-dripping place,
Back of the rain.

JOHN S. EELLS, JR.

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The Many Irelands

by VIVIAN MERCIER

NOW THAT John Fitzgerald Kennedy has been elected President, Americans will find it harder than ever to believe that there can be more than one kind of Irishman. In many ways our new President is an Irish, or American-Irish, stereotype. Not that we think of the typical Irish-American as a millionaire's son who went to Harvard. We do think of him, however, as bearing a Gaelic name and adhering to the Roman Catholic faith. We do think of him as being a member of a large and loyal family. We do think of him, physically, as boldly handsome—especially well endowed by Nature with hair, teeth and jawbone—and addicted to rough sports like football or boxing. In these respects—though he has not yet revealed himself as conspicuously hot-tempered, convivial or humorous—Mr. Kennedy presents strong claims to consideration as a purebred or archetypal Irishman. Like some other imported fauna—the horse or the starling, for example—this species thrives rather better in North America than in its native habitat.

The homegrown Irish may find it more amusing than embarrassing to reflect that while the President of the United States bears the Irish name of Kennedy, the President of Ireland is an American citizen (by birth, at least) who does honor to the Spanish name of De Valera, his father having been Cuban, though his mother was Irish. What's more, the new Prime Minister of the Republic of Ireland, Mr. Sean Lemass, comes of Huguenot stock (Le Mas was apparently the original form of his name), though he and all his family are Catholics. Furthermore, the post of Lord Mayor of Dublin, not long ago filled by a Jew named Robert Briscoe, recently passed to a Protestant named Maurice Dockrell.

In other words, quite aside from the existence of an Anglo-Scots Protestant state in Northern Ireland, the Republic of Ireland itself is not exactly the monolithic Gaelic and Catholic state that both its friends and foes over here like to imagine it. On the contrary, it presents such fascinating and paradoxical variety—not merely in race and religion but in cultural heritage, landscape, and human personality—that we have every right to speak of not one but many Irelands.

As the westernmost country of Europe (Iceland always excepted), Ireland was bound to become, like California with us, the halting place for adventurers from many lands, who could advance, or escape, no farther. According to their own account, the Gaels who gave Ireland her traditional Celtic culture and speech were invaders imposing their way of life upon the original inhabitants. In their turn, the Gaels sustained a peaceful invasion headed by that great Welshman Saint Patrick, who brought them Christianity, the Latin language, and whatever else from Mediterranean culture they were then willing to absorb. Later, the far-from-peaceful Vikings made hit-and-run raids to plunder Ireland's fertile fields and treasure-crammed abbeys; eventually these Norsemen stayed long enough to found many of Ireland's cities and seaports, Dublin included. Several Irish ports, large and small, bear Norse names to this day: Waterford, Wexford, Howth, Wicklow, Arklow. Later still came the Anglo-French, or "Normans," who filled Ireland with castles, bishoprics, and love poetry, among other things. Last of all came the English, who forced their language, laws and land tenure upon the Irish, but failed to impose their religion. These same English, rather belatedly, gave Ireland the democratic system of government, which she now upholds proudly both at home and in the U.N.

THE ENFORCED or voluntary cross-breeding of cultures resulting from these invasions has affected almost everything Irish, including even the native affinity for rugged games. Hurling undoubtedly has the best claim to be considered the national pastime: the legendary hero Cuchulain, Ireland's counterpart to Achilles, is portrayed in some of the oldest Gaelic texts as a wizard at the game, able to beat one hundred fifty other boys singlehanded or to strike off an opponent's head with a hurley and use it as a ball. Today, hurling resembles lacrosse played with hockey sticks—a fast, fierce substitute for total war. Through the centuries of invasion, however, forms of football gained popularity in Ireland too. The English games of soccer and rugby were introduced successfully and still claim numerous skilled devotees in the Republic. President De Valera himself played rugby for Blackrock College once upon a time. In an effort to oust "foreign games," the Gaelic Athletic Association devised a uniquely Irish sport

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called Gaelic football. An Irishman once outlined the differences among the three football codes, rather unjustly, as follows: "In soccer, go after the ball. In rugby, if you can't get the ball, get the man. In Gaelic, if you can't get the man, get the ball." If this description of Gaelic football were true, the game would have replaced hurling in popularity long ago, but it hasn't. American football and Notre Dame were destined to provide Irish footballers with their long-sought Utopia.

Though Anglo-Norman and Old Norse are no longer spoken, Ireland shows considerable linguistic diversity for such a small country. The vast majority of the people speak English, but in a great variety of local accents and even of dialects. In the south of Ireland they say "small," in the center, "little," and toward the north, "wee." The number of accents found in Irish English roughly corresponds to the number of dialects once current in Gaelic. Even today there are still three dialects of Gaelic in use among the sixty thousand or so native speakers of the language: Munster, Connacht and Ulster Irish. Since nearly all aspirants to government jobs in the Republic must show proficiency in Gaelic, there is often said to be a fourth dialect, Civil Service Irish.

Ireland's landscape is fully as varied as her cultural heritage. In County Kerry some of the mountains look like miniature versions of the Rockies, while on Valentia Island, a few miles away, palm trees grow. Indeed, palm trees can be grown in the Dublin suburbs (at about the same latitude as southern Labrador), though not so profusely as within the city limits of Los Angeles. The Curragh of Kildare, where the best Irish racehorses come from, looks just like the prairie states—all 5000 acres of it. Much of the Irish coastline seems rocky and wild enough for Scotland or Scandinavia, but there are also Irish counties—Carlow and Meath, for instance—which look like the heart of Southern England, Nature having been domesticated to the point where fields and flower gardens, parks and farms, become almost indistinguishable. As for the peat bogs of Tim Costello's County Offaly, there's nothing elsewhere quite like them, especially when the sun sets in gold and scarlet over brown bog and purple heather.

There are plants there which devour insects, for want of soil to feed on. And little by little the whole swamp is being dug up, dried, and burned in fireplaces and furnaces. Sometimes the drying process comes to grief in the rainy Irish climate; during World War II some of the turf (peat) sold as fuel was little better than muddy water.

A LANDSCAPE so diverse could not help but produce a wide variety of personality types. At one end of the scale, Ireland unquestionably has had more than her fair share of saints, some of whom helped to re-Christianize and recivilize Western Europe after the barbarian invasions. All Scotsmen named Malcolm ("Servant of Colm") commemorate the name of St. Columba or Colm Cille, who brought Christianity to the Picts. A saint with a similar name, Columban, evangelized in France and Switzerland before founding his last monastery in Italy, at Bobbio. Not content with this coals-to-Newcastle achievement, Columban gave advice to more than one Pope about such matters as the correct dating of Easter—merely the first of many Irishmen to feel himself more Catholic than the Pope. St. Fiacre, after whom all the Paris horse cabs used to be named, was an Irishman too. The district of Brandenburg in Germany takes its name from Brendan, an Irish saint much venerated there in the Middle Ages. Actually, there were two Irish saints named Brendan, one of whom is alleged to have discovered America. His legendary deeds seem minor beside the fully documented activities of a St. Columban.

A modern Brendan from Ireland, Behan by name, who has recently discovered America, sometimes appears anxious to earn his niche in history as a sinner rather than a saint. If he ultimately does so, he won't be the first Irishman in that line by a long chalk. Every Irish saint has had an Irish sinner to match, if not two or three. What makes the Irish sinner peculiarly dangerous is his ability to jest about his sins. Did Oscar Wilde say, "I can resist anything except temptation," or did he waste that line on a character in one of his plays? It matters very little which; in one way or the other he promulgated a dangerous number of subversive witticisms.

Other Irish sinners have attacked religion, law, and order by appealing to a broader, simpler kind of mirth. Such a man was Garret More Fitzgerald, the Great Earl of Kildare. He "defended" himself against the charge of burning Cashel Cathedral in the following words: "By Jesus, I would never have done it but I thought the Bishop was in it!"

Even if Irish character runs the gamut from sinner to saint, by way of a number of less spectacular types in between, all Irishmen may still have a few personality traits in common—hasty temper, for instance. Certainly the Irish legends view the sin of anger with indulgence.

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It is related of the great Cuchulain that he once, when very angry, was placed in a vat of water to calm him. The water immediately turned to steam, and the wood of the vat split. He was then put in a second vat, where he made the water boil with bubbles as big as a man's fist. At last, when placed in a third vat, he merely took the chill off the water. Even saints could become angry without giving scandal. The head of one, St. Findchua, grew so hot that it burned his tutor's cowl; indeed, this saint seems to have been almost perpetually in a rage. Reading tales like these, we grow certain that one Irish trait is more constant even than hot temper: namely, the extravagant, irrepressible sense of humor that prompted, and revealed in, such anecdotes of heroes sacred or profane.

THE IRISH trait of conviviality goes back a long way too, appearing in the legends as an indispensable component of traditional Irish hospitality. In a poem attributed to St. Brigid, that holy and hospitable lady wishes for a "great pool of ale" that she could offer to the King of Kings; "I should like the Heavenly Host," she says, "to be drinking it for all eternity." St. Findchua, again, when he heard that another saint was coming to visit him with a few companions, shouted, "Give them a vessel of ale big enough to make fifty men drunk, and food enough for a hundred! And if they don't think that's enough, add more!"

After such testimony from the saints, there is really no need to poll the sinners. Yet, with typical contrariness, Ireland manages to be the home of one of the world's great temperance movements, founded in the last century by Father Theobald Mathew. He coined the powerful slogan "Ireland sober is Ireland free." It isn't his fault that the outstretched arm of his statue in the main thoroughfare of the city of Cork points directly to a saloon, or that the sculptured gesture seems one of exhortation rather than denunciation.

Small wonder that Ireland has given the world two such masters of paradox as Wilde and Shaw, for she is herself a land of paradoxes, contrasts and contradictions. Already a country where the swamps are used for fuel and "whiskey" is the Gaelic word for "water," she cannot rest content. It was not enough for her that a Jew should become Lord Mayor of Dublin and a Dubliner Chief Rabbi of Palestine, nor that one graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, Mr. Frederick Boland, should be President of the U.N. General Assembly while another, Mr. Jaja Wachuku, heads the Nigerian delegation. Rest assured that, even with an Irishman in the White House and an American President of Ireland, the Irish appetite for paradox cannot long remain appeased. Where, though, do we go from here? Will the future show us an Irishman enthroned in the Vatican and another in the Kremlin? On past performance, I wouldn't bet against it.

THE SCREEN

WOE, WOE, WHOA

SELDOM is a movie week as crowded as this week's schedule with films that require viewers to think as well as be entertained. Although laden with more problems than answers, all three of these pictures merit consideration. "The Misfits," written by Arthur Miller supposedly as a kind of apologia for his then-wife, Marilyn Monroe, is very well named. The title fits not only Roslyn (Monroe), who's at loose ends in Reno after her divorce, but also the three men she falls in with: Gay (Clark Gable), a middle-aged cowboy who's been drifting ever since he divorced his wife years ago; Guido (Eli Wallach), a mechanic who's been unable to settle down since his wife died in childbirth; Perce (Montgomery Clift), a young bronco buster who ran away from home when his mother remarried. Sometimes joined by Roslyn's landlady (Thelma Ritter), these poor lost lambs, unhappy, unsettled and grasping at every illusion of fun, go out on a spree that is a western version of *The Sun Also Rises* as they talk and drink a great deal, hit the bars and attend a rodeo (instead of a bullfight). After a sojourn during which Roslyn moves in with Gay in the incompleted cottage Guido was building for his wife when she died, the carefree, rough-and-tumble boys persuade Roslyn to join them on a trip up in the mountains to hunt for wild horses.

"The Misfits" is mainly concerned with characterization—the sentimental, uneducated, big-hearted Roslyn who yearns for love and can't stand seeing men or animals hurt; the inadequate Gay who lost his first wife and nearly kills himself proving himself to himself and to Roslyn; the confused Guido who wishes Roslyn could take his wife's place; the immature, death-daring Perce who wishes Roslyn could take his mother's place but who grows up during the course of events. Although the picture focuses on these misfits who are wasting their lives and arouses the audience's compassion for them, it also has a great deal of action. Especially in the last half of the film, after he has established his characters well in their determination to live for today, director John Huston swings into lively movement. The mustang hunt, with its effect on the characters and its aftermath, is as exciting as anything that has turned up in movies in a long time; and Huston makes the most of the thrills. He also does well with his cast, especially the men: Gable, Clift and Wallach have never been better. Unfortunately, he allows Miss Monroe in the first part of the film to revert to her old posturing, pouting and dependence on her beautiful figure; but perhaps all this is part of the Marilyn-Roslyn image; in the last half of the film

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during the horse hunts when Roslyn rails hysterically at the cruelties of the three men Huston guides Marilyn Monroe in the best performance she has ever given. Handsomely photographed in black-and-white, "The Misfits," in spite of some of its sentimental ideas on life and death, its occasional lapses in taste and its tacked-on corny ending, is a fascinating study of maladjusted people who deserve understanding—and some love for the sinner, if not the sin.

IT IS MORE difficult to love the two delinquents who are the leads in "Breathless," the latest of France's New Wave movies to be washed up on our shores. This pair of misfits is effectively played by Jean-Paul Belmondo, a tough-looking young ex-prize fighter who seems to have taken up the chip that John Garfield used to carry on his shoulder, and Jean Seberg, who has made quite a career for herself in France after her fiascos in "Saint Joan" and "Bonjour Tristesse." Under the direction of Jean-Luc Godard, who wrote the script from a story by François Truffaut, these two come through quite well; but the plot they come through with is hardly worth Godard's skillful direction, the picture's fine camera work and editing and the magnificent views of Paris. After stealing a car, killing a cop and racing to Paris, Belmondo joins Jean Seberg, an American student who sells the *Herald Tribune* on the boulevards and hopes to be a reporter. Then follows a series of thefts, an interminably-long bedroom scene complete with sex and some clever dialogue, and several escapes from the police, before Belmondo gets shot down. Much of Godard's film has a fresh quality and his use of people and place is excellent, but his movie isn't as breathless as its title. And while his amoral characters, if typical, deserve to be understood, they fail to win any sympathy.

AS A STUDY of cause and effect, "Circle of Deception" is extremely disturbing. Most of the film is a long wartime flashback showing how British Intelligence select and train an agent (Bradford Dillman) to be dropped in France a couple of weeks before D-day to mislead the Germans with false information. The catch to the deal is that the agent doesn't know he's a sitting duck, that he was selected by his captain (Harry Andrews) with the help of an assistant (Suzy Parker) because of his instability under stress. Neither does he know that the information given him is false, as is the cyanide capsule put in his tooth in case he prefers suicide to torture. From the British captain's point of view, the plan goes perfectly. Dillman is captured and tortured (in scenes that are almost unbearable to watch) and when his suicide pill fails, he finally reveals the information given him. The Germans fall for the ruse and send reinforcements to the wrong place. Later, when Dillman is rescued by the Maquis, he denies that he betrayed his trust; and still later, since the true story can't be told, he is honored for his bravery. After the war, the conscientious young man falls apart. Under Jack Lee's direction. "Circle of Deception" is very interesting, but after the film proposes all these serious moral problems, including suicide pills and a nation's responsibility to its agents (as well as shapely Miss Parker's mixing sex with Intelligence in testing Dillman), it finds it can't answer them. So it doesn't. "Circle of Deception" may not be the best acted film floating around these days, but it certainly could provoke more argument than any other.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

PHILOSOPHY OR THEOLOGY?

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: With all the emphasis upon the role of theology in temporal affairs, I wonder sometimes whether the poor philosopher is being pushed altogether out of the picture. The theologian is being constantly urged to concern himself with this or that pressing problem. And lately we have witnessed a truly brilliant series of discussions on the "Catholic Hour" ["Of Note" Jan. 20], in which the theologian was asked to cast his light upon matters of moment in the social and political sphere.

All well and good, and we cannot be too grateful to the theologians for their help. We need more theology, and the layman needs more theology. Over twenty years ago I was advocating that the layman should be exposed to a scientific course in theology instead of the milk-and-water diet of courses in religion he was getting.

But theology is one thing, philosophy another. The primary work of the theologian is, if I am not mistaken, the contemplation of the Divine Mysteries. Of course, he must be concerned with everything else, because all that is proceeds from the Divine and returns to the Divine. But the focus of the theologian is the inner life of the Deity. All his speculations are centered on that.

Not so the philosopher. If he knows his business, he is right down in the slime and mud of history. It is properly his business to explore the heights and depths of finite reality, to creep into the interstices of created being, and wrestle in the most intimate fashion with the perplexities of the temporal order.

If the philosopher wants effectively to do his job in guiding men to the right kind of social and political order, he must of course ignore no aspect of the existential situation of man, and that means he must pay attention to the teachings of theology. He must borrow

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some priceless data from the theologian. But armed with these data he can proceed fully to work out those patterns and schemes for temporal betterment which the philosopher is expected to provide.

Gentlemen, don't emphasize theology at the expense of philosophy. FRANCIS E. MCMAHON.

EZRA POUND'S "IMPACT"

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: I usually succeed in restraining my impulse to take issue with reviewers, but in the case of your review of Ezra Pound's *Impact* [Dec. 23] I find it impossible to do so. In this review Mr. Richard Gilman has overstepped the bounds of propriety and decency. What he has written is slander, not criticism.

Mr. Gilman finds our collection of Pound Essays overwhelming, monumentally, unbelievably dull. That, of course, is his affair; it is also a measure of his critical judgment. While thinking about this letter a few minutes ago, I opened the book at random and found this sentence: "A 'movement' or institution lives while it searches for truth. It dies with its own curiosity." Or did Mr. Gilman happen to run across this, written in praise of a man of principle: "He had the concept: rectitude. If the reader knows a better rock let him take it with my benediction." If Mr. Gilman finds such writing dull, he has my sympathy.

Your reviewer doesn't confine his violent disapproval to Ezra Pound, it includes the publisher as well: "I make a point of mentioning the publisher because whom else shall we credit with the statement on the dust jacket that the reader is about to meet 'a great mind, unique in our generation' and who, after all, thought it desirable to bring out so abominable a book as this one?" I stand by the statement that in Pound we encounter "a great mind," and I am certainly not alone in this position. As for the decision to bring out this "abominable" book—that was mine too. Among the other authors, I have thought it desirable to publish, and have published, I might add, are Romano Guardini, Gabriel Marcel, Paul Claudel, Wyndham Lewis, Russell Kirk, Roy Campbell, James Collins and Wilhelm Roepke.

In one of the shorter essays in *Impact,* Pound ascribes "the drear horror of American life" to "the tendency to mess into other people's affairs before establishing order in one's own affairs, and in one's thought." While I don't entirely agree with Pound's characterization of American life, I think that there is much to be said for establishing order in one's own affairs and thoughts before . . ., but I do not wish to mess into Mr. Gilman's affairs or the editor's of The Commonweal. HENRY REGNERY,

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REPLY

New York, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: Mr. Regnery's unhappiness seems to have these sources: *Impact,* as I indicated, *bored* me; I demurred at calling Pound a great mind; I left my readers in ignorance of the eminent writers Regnery has published. To which I can only say: 1) I *was* bored and Mr. Regnery's curious quotations aren't likely to make me reconsider (the whole absurd scene may be played as follows: "X. is a bore." "But no, he's fascinating, didn't you hear him say 'Flowers are cheaper in summer,' and 'three cheers for recidivism' "?); 2) I honor Pound's achievements in poetry but think they were managed against the handicap of a truly disordered mind, burdened with obsessions and incapable of sustained thought; 3) I'm pleased to learn of Regnery's distinguished back-list (though its good-Catholic flavor as given here—as if to say, well, really, if we publish *them,* we must be pretty decent—rather depresses me).

Finally, in case I didn't make myself clear originally, my *moral* objection to *Impact's* publication is that it appears with no explanation, much less apology, for its many anti-semitic and anti-democratic remarks. If anything, there is a more than implicit approval given to them. Had there been a publisher's note to the effect that the book was being offered as a historical document, etc., I would have felt better. But to present it as the work of a great and responsible mind . . . I can't express my true feelings. Except to say that if roasting a publisher for this constitutes slander, then we're in the presence of a really remarkable inversion of values. RICHARD GILMAN.

CORRECTION

New York, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: In my article on "Europe and Unity," [Jan. 6] your printer omitted a negative in the sentence on page 386 where I compare the political wisdom of General de Gaulle and Dr. Adenauer. The unfortunate result is a disparaging remark about the Chancellor. I should like to rectify it here by quoting the original sentence: "It goes without saying that Dr. Adenauer is *no* more a utopian thinker on political matters than de Gaulle."

THOMAS MOLNAR.

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A Major Issue for American Schools

RELIGION IN ALL THE SCHOOLS. By Leo R. Ward, C.S.C. Fides. $3.50.

By JOHN WHITNEY EVANS

THIS BOOK recalls to mind the story of that hero of old who plunged into the advancing line of enemy spears, drew as many as he could reach into his own breast, and thus opened a way through which his comrades advanced to victory. Father Ward, heedless of the thrusts of secularists and the cautionary tugs of apologetic Christians, has recklessly and boldly hurled himself into the midst of the now-hot-now-cold war over the place of religion in American public and private education. His verbal sword play (not always subtle though at times delightfully ironic) strikes out at all descriptions and levels of American schooling. The public school, Father Ward says, in shying away from the presentation of religious truth in its curricula, is not preparing Americans to take their place in the mainstream of western culture, nor even to be qualified members of a human race which has always recognized and worshipped God in some form. The church-related school, Jewish, Protestant, or Catholic, has been too much bent upon apologetic and moral ends to provide genuine intellectual development. Teacher training institutions seem deathly afraid of the religious issue and how to prepare teachers to handle it in practice in the classroom. The seminaries, both Catholic and non-Catholic, do not educate religious leaders liberally or professionally enough to confront this problem imaginatively and intelligently. Be they public or non-public, primary, secondary, or advanced, liberal, professional, or technical, American schools, in short, are not answering the deepest needs of human nature to know.

One would expect in a book of this kind a treatment of such questions as "The Wall of Separation," "Pluralism in Education," and "A Plan of Action." Father Ward offers all three. His headlong sally, however, has not given him enough time to recruit sufficient evidence for all phases of his campaign. For example, his chapter discussing the famous Jeffersonian epistle to the Danbury Baptists describes the "wall of separation" phrase as having "no more constitutional force than a metaphor lifted out of a letter by any President." This reference seems hardly warranted in view of the declaration of the Supreme Court in 1878 that the term could be regarded "almost as an authentic declaration of the scope and effect of the Amendment." More attention to the handling of the religion-in-education issue by other western democracies would also have been beneficial. Nor does Father Ward always marshal his evidence effectively. The book is repetitious in a few places, and the arguments not always tightly constructed. A bibliography, consistent use of footnotes, and an index would also help to make the work more desirable as a reference.

But while this little volume could have been given more careful preparation, it ought not to be dismissed as superficial. From Father Ward's exposition emerges clearly the issue that bedevils the American school today: the freedom to learn. Will students in American public schools be permitted the freedom to know the religious traditions which formed western society and made it largely what it is today? Will they be able to enjoy the freedom to study Judeo-Christian learning and other religious heritage in order to be truly a citizen of this shrinking modern world of intertwining civilizations? Will parents of children in church-related schools find their constitutional freedom to be different penalized by tax policies? Will pupils in these schools have their freedom to learn restricted by the continued denial of child welfare benefits guaranteed under the Fourteenth Amendment?

Father Ward has actually entered onto a battleground scarred by foes far older than those contending over the place of religion in education. He has stepped upon the wasteland where Freedom and Fear are engaged. He says we are dominated by fear—fear of each other, and fear of the unavoidable jamming together of two societies at work in the same world, Church and State. Unless we overcome our fear and permit freedom for adequate learning, he warns, the night will fall, and in the dusk the enemy ranks will advance, unbroken.

A Rebel of Uncertain Cause

THE GENERAL. By Alan Sillitoe. Knopf. $3.

By MAX COSMAN

WITH THIS book Mr. Sillitoe does the unexpected. He leaves the assured rewards of depicting his segment of England's working class to try his hand at one of the most difficult of literary forms. It is therefore a pity to have to report that the symbolic novelette he calls *The General* is not wholly successful.

It is so not because he is lacking in the material needed. He has a full sampling of it: metaphor, pointed dialogue, ingenuity of contrivance, philosophic problems of various kinds. And it is not because he is unadept in his use of it. His barn for prisoners, for example, is an obsessive detail worthy of Kafka. His concept of "a jurisprudent Brain" is strictly good Orwell. His interrogation scene has a Koestlerian flavor. As for his treatment of abstractions like freedom, truth, and God, it is as pertinent as that of Camus.

What keeps *The General* from complete and deserved success, then, is Mr. Sillitoe's overzealousness. He tries to cover too much. His conflict between creator and destroyer,

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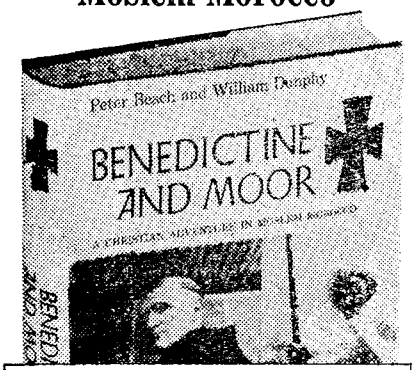

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that is, between free man and totalitarian robot, should have been sufficient for him, but it was not. He had to go on to the opposition of conscience to duty which he finds in individuals of moral worth. As if this were not enough, he had a desire to add his complaint to that of the existentialists anent our sentence to life.

Separately valid, these themes together tend to muddle Mr. Sillitoe's allegoric line. At one moment he devotes himself to his conflict. At another he concerns himself with his opposition. At a third, he says a plague on both your houses. This alternation of intent soon enough affects expression itself. His imagery takes on a forced quality. Gunfire has "phonetic mutterings." Sunlight comes through the cracks in a barn wall "like the deceptively fragile antennae of some quaint insect." Even his narrative statements become turgid. "The others pressed close to Kondal," goes one passage, "not realizing, after their experience by the train, that he might be a man who continually suffered from claustrophobia due to his having developed a too easy recourse to firearms in such situations." This is a cross between a textbook and a communiqué.

As is usual in a symbolic work, the plot of *The General* is simple. Two countries—one unspecified, the other called Gorshek—are locked in a bloody yet inconclusive war. The people of the former, it is to be gathered, are cultured. Whatever their motives, they are capable of sending out a symphonic orchestra to entertain troops at the front. The people of the latter, the Gorsheks, are noiceably barbaric. Vandals, Huns, they live but to kill and to loot. It would be a mistake, however, to think that only Nazis or Russians are meant. Mr. Sillitoe has a broader coverage in mind.

A temporary victory of the Gorsheks—their General is a great strategist—shifts battle lines. Captured, the musicians have only death to look forward to, since their captors have the reputation of executing prisoners. The rest of the story is made up essentially of two dialogues: the first between Evart, the orchestra leader, and the General, the commander of the Gorsheks; the second, in a sense, between Mr. Sillitoe and himself.

In the outer dialogue, Evart saves his men by having them play The Pathétique so well before the General that the man's iron, already made malleable by reminiscences of past joys, melts. At the cost of certain loss of rank, and what is worse, of being "levelled" to a lifetime of miserable exile, he sends the players back to their own lines. Presumably it is a defeat of what he has stood for, but, as is often the case, it is also his true, his immortal victory. He has won his way to a heart and so to a soul.

In the inner dialogue, our author like another Malraux considers the meaning of art in the midst of the destructive influences of our time. It is not only a refuge, a personal hermitage so to speak, but on a higher level it is that which is greater than man. It resolves his doubts, salves his hurts. It justifies his sacrifices, even of life itself. Inextricably mixed with this is Mr. Sillitoe's chronic unwillingness to commit his characters to any social order about them. It is as if he sees everything not directly them to be but the Establishment—meaning the enemy, of course.

This ambivalence informs Mr. Sillitoe's characterizations. The General who is seemingly an Attila falters, compromises, and defaults. In the last analysis he is a rebel. Evart, who presumably has an ideology as demanding as the General's, also hesitates at crucial moments to satisfy it. He but vaguely justifies his intransigence with utterances about the "mystical and hidden things" that "mean everything—in the end." He too is a rebel to such cause as he has.

In one frame of reference, then, *The General* would seem to be Mr. Sillitoe's effort to thrash out the differences between the individual and society; in another, a very personal one, the dilfferences between the artist and the anarchist in himself. His success, however, is partial, as yet more implied than created. Will he go the whole way in the next volume?

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A Biblical Novel

THE SECRET OF THE KINGDOM. By Mika Waltari. Putnam. $4.95.

By MICHAEL NOVAK

BIBLICAL novels generally lack the simplicity of the Bible; neither do they have the fresh complexity of a completely new creation. Their characters hang stiffly from the puppet strings of a predetermined story. Creative attempts to re-imagine the characters usually run aground in the shallows of the writer's mind; centuries of meditation on the classic stories have given each a fullness by which to measure studies from a single period. Mika Waltari's novel does not escape the genre. The fact that it sold 50,000 copies in Finland in its first six weeks is only a comment on the religious sensibilities of the modern Finns.

The form Waltari chose injures his intent. The book is a collection of eleven "letters" written by a young Roman philosopher-noble to his former love. By a deceitful ruse, she coaxed him to flee Rome and she "would follow." Awakening to her deceit, awakening from subsequent debaucherie, the seeker goes to Jerusalem to test the prophecies current in the Near East. He arrives in Jerusalem for the crucifixion and the events of the subsequent two months. He finds out about previous events by hearsay, and narrates them by letter. This puts the dramatic impact at a third remove. The characters, though abstractly likable enough, never live and move. The best pages may be the opening ones, pungent with the bitter ash of a past summer's love, whose coals glow ardently and hopefully still.

Waltari does have serious intent. Better than most (better than Kazantzakis for example), he has grasped the quiet movements in men's souls, the patience and humility, to which Christ attached importance. He understands the trivial jealousies, angers, and conflicts of these first Christians, even in the midst of their fervor. The

Announcing the Incorporation of

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATES OF TOUMLILINE

Toumliline is the Monastery of Christ the King, located in the Middle Atlas Mountains of Morocco. (See *The Commonweal*, Dec. 13, 1957) The purpose of the Associates is to take part in an ambitious but plainly necessary plan conceived by Dom Denis Martin, Prior of Toumliline.

The plan is to establish a string of Benedictine monasteries in Africa. As Dom Denis said:

> A tempest is about to break over Africa. Will it sweep everything away? God alone knows. While there is still time let us sink the deepest roots we can.

The plan is already in operation. On May 27, 1960, eight monks from Toumliline created a Benedictine monastery in the interior of the Ivory Coast. The name of the monastery is *Niamien Soule Kro*—The Village Where God is Worshipped. Three other monasteries are to follow. One will be in Upper Volta. The second will be in Dahomey, the third in the Central African Republic.

The plan involves, however, more than the building of monasteries. It involves too the creating of Centers of Human Development. These will take whatever form is dictated by local needs. For example, the monks in the Ivory Coast, at the request of the Minister of Agriculture, are developing an agricultural institute for local farmers. As Dom Denis says:

> We believe it is impossible to give an adequate Christian formation to people without elevating their social, economic and cultural life to a point where they can fulfill legitimate human aspirations.

These Centers of Human Development will explore *with* their African neighbors means to raise their economic and social level. To make these Centers as productive as possible, teams of technicians and experts will be brought in from Europe, America, and other parts of Africa. Dom Denis has already organized associations in Germany, Holland and France to recruit these teams and to help finance his entire plan. Last September he visited the United States to set up the American Associates.

The American Associates will raise money for Toumliline through annual membership dues and through grants from foundations. The Associates will also sponsor the specialists who will go to Africa to work at the Centers of Human Development.

Those who join the association will receive regular newsletters from Dom Denis and, on occasion, special reports on African developments prepared by member-specialists.

Some members of the Advisory Committee of the AMERICAN ASSOCIATES OF TOUMLILINE are:

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To join **The American Associates of Toumliline** simply make whatever annual contribution you can afford. Send all contributions to **The American Associates of Toumliline,** P.O. Box #2243, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.

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Signed:

Peter Beach — **William Dunphy**
Maurice Lavanoux — **Daniel Sullivan**

Board of Directors, **The American Associates of Toumliline.**

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women gossip about one another; the men are touchy and insecure. Waltari's finest merit is to have seen that it is on this level, this level of inner battle for charity and peace, that the Christian struggle par excellence occurs.

On the other hand, Waltari cannot bring off his novel without the romanticist substitute for the supernatural: soft musical harmonies, sweet breezes and fragrances, soul-piercing looks, and extra-evangelical miracles. He reiterates that intellectual training can clutter the mind and make the mind simply incompetent for grasping the Christian transmutation of values (but so can sports, and stocks, and bridge). What will the modern sceptic think, reading this book? That faith is a childlike leap, that faith is relinquishing of the intellectual and moral values he holds dear. It is unlikely that he will wish to share this faith.

But faith is something more than Waltari paints it. His hero Marcus is a good man, too good, too easily good, too easily become a Christian. His faith has roots that are ambiguously emotional, perhaps temperamental, and intellectual. There is a thrust to his mind that he cannot deny; his mind refuses to admit its own absurdity. Sceptics may argue from the evil in the world, but Marcus implictly argues from the good. An evil world is no problem; but a partially good one is. Marcus longs for complete good. He is one of the children of hope.

But his suffering seems somehow superficial. The ambiguities are not purified by fire. He does not face the total torrent of evil, he does not really answer the acid of intellectual despair (or intellectual complacency —they are the same under the surface) of which our age is so knowing. An adequate conception of faith must overcome these experiences too. An adequate conception of faith will have to leave far behind the mysterious and sudden sweet or depressing moods; will have to question the presupposition that the rationality of the sciences can exist within a vast unconnected darkness of absurdity. An adequate conception of faith will have to drive deeply into the intelligence of man, into its inmost thrust, dynamism, and desire. For if man's rationality *is* rational, and is also a pledge of a total rational context, then man's mind strives like an arrow to break free from contingency, transitoriness, and enveloping evil. Man's mind wants God. Faith raises and specifies its flight.

Perhaps a final merit of Waltari's novel is to have dramatized how outcast a Roman could feel in those days when Christianity remained a Jewish sect, undesirous of the Gentile. On the other hand, I doubt if the Jewish reader will find Waltari's portrait of the Jews fair, though other portraits by Christians have been far worse. The mysterious role of Jew and Gentile deserves more serious, searching thought than this.

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Varities of Opinion

SWINBURNE: A SELECTION. By Dame Edith Sitwell. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

By BETTE RICHART

ONLY A minor cataclysm, like this new edition of Dame Edith Sitwell, could ever have sent me back to the poetry of Swinburne. Alas, the impatient judgment of youth still stands: he may have an ear for music, but he has no sense of language at all, and after a few pages I felt, as I always had, that he was muffling me in purple plush in the middle of August. Somehow this selection seems an act of sadism rather than of solicitude; I find everything about Swinburne infuriating.

He had nothing to say, and his so-called "transcendental music" doesn't do much to redeem that. Frequently he borders on lunacy, as in these lines from "Laus Veneris" (a venereal poem indeed):

Lips that cling hard till the kissed face has grown
Of one same fire and colour with their own
Then ere one sleep, appeased with sacrifice,

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Where his lips wounded, there
his lips atone!

I sang these things long since
and knew them not;
'Lo, here is love, or there is
love, God wot,
This man and that finds favour
in his eyes,'
I said, 'but I, what guerdon
have I got?'

What guerdon has he got indeed! Where is music, sense or poetic integrity in raving like this? And there is so much of it in Swinburne that wading through to get to the rest seems hopeless, like wading through an ocean of Karo to get a glimpse of one orange.

Dame Edith as a critic is very capricious, but as she herself once pointed out, experts do have that right. Nevertheless, caprice borders on irresponsibility when she says he was as great a critic as he was a poet, and that "his was the alchemy of words"—a statement that might well be made by any president of any Ladies' Poetry Circle anywhere. When she quotes Longinus, "Beautiful words are the very and peculiar light of the mind," the explicit truth of the statement is brightly bittersweet amidst the surrounding verbiage. Yet Swinburne had small gift for beautiful words in themselves; his words creak and lumber ("meseemeth I heard cry and groan") as often as not, and his famous music murmurs, like the pines and the hemlocks, more than it sings.

There is such a surfeit of kissing, and such a surfeit of the word love without the reality of love (never once does feeling intrude upon sensation) that one is quickly ready to cry out for flagons and apples. Perhaps it is unjust, but I had moments of seeing Swinburne as a teen-ager in perpetuam and nothing more. Dame Edith claims for him a sense of tragedy, but he had instead a sense of self-pity, railing incessantly against the inevitable, never learning to distinguish between mere sordidness and grand chaos. The poem "The Leper," at once appalling and sentimental, is an example of such confusion.

Apart from his violation of the spirit of form, the key to Swinburne's inevitable unpopularity today is that escape was his goal, and psychiatry has convinced us that the horse's head had better be toward reality, since it is our prelude to eternity. And Swinburne lacks wit to a degree positively unique among English poets; Dame Edith, sparkling as salt crystal herself, generously does not remark it. Most of us are bound to, though.

By the time I came to that old war-horse "Atalanta," I gave up trying to find why Dame Edith bothered. Nor do I feel guilty. A few lines from "Anactoria," the charming "Christmas Carol," and "A Ballad of Burdens" are hardly enough to justify her concentration, though they are excellent.

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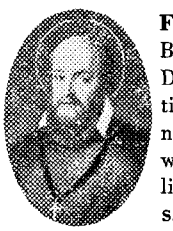

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Press Month III

What will be the result of reasonably candid readership studies of the Catholic press? In some cases, of course, the findings will be gratifying both to editors and to salesmen. In others I think they will have to be buried. I think they will reveal that too many of our popular-level publications are speaking at the reader instead of to him. We are lecturing too much, listening too little. We are forever trying to mold our readers, too seldom studying their needs, interests, circumstances and preferences.

Obviously, I don't mean that Catholic publications should forget their didactic purpose. I would not deny, either, that the Catholic press has improved remarkably. But I think most of the improvement, especially in the diocesan press, has been technical rather than creative or genuinely professional.

We are still not sufficiently in touch with our readers; we are excessively ecclesiastical, relatively humorless, relatively narrow in the range of our interests and techniques. We report words (speeches, panel discussions, interviews, resolutions) far better than we present events, atmospheres, or personalities. Our apologetic and public relations functions are too much present in our minds; abhorring sectarianism, we fall into it too often. And all of this means that we are not having the impact we could and should have.

Hence, though I would heartily endorse the notion of thoroughgoing readership surveys, I would suggest that the first purpose of making them should be editorial. The expression of reader preferences should not be immediately translated into editorial directives, of course; the preferences should be treated as raw data to be pondered, discussed, used. . . .

—from an article by Robert Hoyt
in The Commonweal for February 20, 1959.

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